Chocolate

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Chocolate

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Summary

"What did you bring me, cher?" Will asks sleepily, in his natural southern drawl, reaching for the gift. He tries to limit the movement of his heavy arm at the same time and beckons Hannibal to come closer.

Hannibal smiles as he shows him the bars wrapped in a gold-coated packaging and answers: "Finest raw chocolate made of the Criollo cacao bean."

Hannibal wants to spoil his precious darling Will with fine, expensive raw chocolate as he comes back from another conference but Will does not appreciate the gift. He then finds out that Will has broken the rule they have agreed on. To teach Will a lesson, Hannibal denies him sex until Will finally gives in and stops buying junk food.

Soothing fluff without plot but with smut elements and role play.

Notes

I hope you enjoy the story as much as I enjoyed writing it and it makes you smile although it is a little bit weird. My brain comes up with weird ideas.

It follows a prompt I started on Twitter with Ninayoshi.This work is dedicated to you, my dear. Thanks for participating in the thread! :)

Actually I was inspired by a friend of mine who gave me some fancy organic raw chocolate as a gift I usually would not buy :D

If you find any mistakes, these are my own. Sorry!

Hannibal enters the anteroom of the mansion with two golden packages of fine, expensive bars of chocolate with a blue ribbon wrapped around each in his hands and smiles to himself at the prospect of surprising his darling once more. He has just returned from one of his conferences in New York he occasionally has to attend to as practicing psychiatrist. Walking into the living room as he has hung up his coat, and removed his jacket to make himself comfortable, he discovers Will snuggled up on the large ebony couch with three of his dogs, Winston, Zoe, and Buster, at his feet and smiles. “Mylimasis, I bought a little treat for you. To help you with the stress, you have to deal with.” Hannibal purrs.

Will looks up at the gifts in his husband’s manicured fingers from the couch with half-closed eyes but he was too lazy and exhausted from his long day working with Jack Crawford on a new case to get up.

“What did you bring me, cher? Another fancy golden butt plug or another Rolex ?” Will asks sleepily, in his natural southern drawl, reaching for the small gifts. He tries to limit the movement of his arm at the same time and beckons Hannibal to come closer.

Hannibal smiles as he shows him the bars wrapped in a gold-coated packaging and answers: “No, darling. I brought you the finest raw chocolate available on the market. It is made of the Criollo cacao bean, one of the most expensive cacao beans grown in Southern and Central America. The cacao base of this chocolate has been refined with rich flavours of hazelnut cream, dried cranberries and buckwheat. Altogether this combination is very interesting, and you will find it very tasteful, I am certain of it, my darling as you have enjoyed each and everyone...um each and every of my dishes so far.”

“Each and everyone?” Will asks him in an amused, nonchalant voice, accompanied by a cunning grin and a small snort. “Don’t let that hear Jack or he’ll have us arrested very soon.”

Hannibal chuckles at his Freudian slip. “I suppose you’re right, Will.” But please, open it for Daddy, ” he breathes into his ear.

Will frowns as his greedy eyes flicker on the ingredients written on the small card attached to the golden wrapping. He is used to being spoiled by his husband for his absence and did not pay the decadence of the wrapping much attention, ripping it open hastily, exposing the chocolate bar. His lips curl in disappointment when he notices how dark it looked. Hannibal’s descriptions has at least made it sound interesting. Plain bitter chocolate doesn’t cater to his taste at all, no matter how exquisite and extraordinary the whole composition is. Will is rather into the combination of cheap fat and sugar in processed sweets which Hannibal of course rejects. He would not let him defile his body and endanger his health with bad foods. At least when he is around.

Will decides to be defiant, rude and ungrateful for his daddy’s gift.“Ah, so you bought me fancy, overpriced chocolate. I don’t even like dark chocolate anyways.” Will remarks in an indifferent tone, thrusting it back into Hannibal’s hands.

Hannibal purses his thin lips, and his jaws tightens at the rejection. “ You are an insolent and rude brat as always. Give it at least a try before you judge my choices so quickly.”He

counters in a slightly commanding tone and places a large chunk of the soft, dark and powdery chocolate into his hands after removing the protective foil.“Open your mouth,” Hannibal orders him and cups his jaw gently into his free hand, waiting for his precious boy to obey.

Will gives him an amused look and knits his eyebrows but allows Hannibal to feed him the way a bird mother feeds his fledgling and starts to suck and bite on the melting chunk when Hannibal has carefully placed it on his tongue. Moments later he curled his lips in disgust. The cocoa is too bitter for his taste buds, despite the interesting berries inside. "Yikes. And it does taste like shit.” Will spits out as he manages to swallow down the piece of chocolate.

“Your cum does, too, currently.” Hannibal finds himself answering in a derogatory tone to Will’s playful and bratty behaviour, snatching the package out of his hands.

Will chuckles at the inelegant use of language of his husband he is still quite unused to and falls back onto the couch again. He lets out a provocative snort. “Wait what? I thought you liked tasting my cum.”

“I do,” Hannibal retorts. “When you eat what I prefer.”

Will pulls a sceptical face.“What do you want to imply? I don’t know, who’s been feeding me shit. There’s only one person who cooks here. ”

Hannibal’s face darkens at this insult of his cooking skills, and his fingers tighten around the chocolate which breaks down the middle from the pressure exercised of his strong hands. “You better reconsider your words. For someone who disapproves of my cooking skills, you join me at the table very often when I’m making dinner.”He remarks with raised eyebrows.

Hannibal, realising something, looks at him in suspicion and speaks in his authoritarian, strict voice he uses in their roleplay. “You haven’t stuck to our agreed rule, have you? The rule is extremely simple to remember. No processed foods in my house no matter if I am present or absent.”

“I don’t know what you are talkin'’ about”, Will answers cheekily to that, playing with his fingers, avoiding his scrutinizing stare for some seconds before he looks up again. "I have always been a good boy." He says smiling.

Will remains calm and indifferent and keeps the gaze this time when their eyes meet again.Despite the feigned innocent look and the fluttering of his thick frame of eyelashes Hannibal guesses in an instant that Will has indeed been secretly buying and eating something else and neglected the food in his fridge.

He goes back into the kitchen, opens the fridge and the trash container. He is gone for a while until he figures out that Will has put his meals into the freezer in the basement to avoid suspicions.

Hannibal comes back to Will with a reproachful and disdaining expression in his maroon eyes. He then presents the evidence he has gathered from the kitchen and the trash outside.

Empty boxes of Pringles crisps, microwaveable mac ‘n cheese, jars of pasta sauces and Oreo cookies wrappings.

“I don’t recall feeding you the disgusting cheap Kraft Mac and Cheese you obviously prefer to eat when I am not here...” Hannibal says with a disapproving expression on his face. “ Nor did I find myself buying crisps or cookies for you.”

Will snickers and puts his stinky and sweaty feet on the glass table next to the couch, knowing how much Hannibal it actually hates. Hannibal shoots another warning, stinging glare at him but Will continues to act as if he is not doing anything wrong.

“Given the food you consumed in secret I think that explains why your taste has changed significantly in the last weeks.” Hannibal remarks, his lips twitching. “I wonder what is to be done about that.”

Will lets out a laugh. “Oh, really? Does my cum taste like mac’n cheese and crisps now? I think I’m going to buy another batch.” A teasing grin is curled on his lips and his blue eyes flash for a second. Will loves playing the bratty, cheeky boy who does not always obey and Hannibal knows it. It makes their role play and switches of power interesting. Hannibal loves how his boy charms him when he wants a gift or a present or is a naughty boy when he breaks one of his rules.

Not today, though. His patience has a limit and he will not entirely lose his control over Will, even though he likes it now and then that he does what he wants and ignores his orders. To keep his dignity, Hannibal needs to teach his murder boy a lesson and discipline.

Will gets up from the couch and Winston jumps down, whines and growls in annoyance , but is easily calmed down as Will pets him and apologizes. He wags his tails and nuzzles his furry head into his knees. Hannibal walks back to the kitchen to discard the trash and places the chocolate in one of the drawers where he usually keeps all sorts of expensive treats and sweets.

The agent puts on his shoes and grabs his beige field jacket and follows him into the kitchen. He is decided to test his limits in their roleplay today and when Hannibal would snap and punish him. Little does he know what consequences his actions have. “Oh, I’m gonna get some juicy, fatty cheeseburgers now for dinner and maybe drop by the 7-11 for some instant ramen for the rest of the week.” Will remarks with a broad devilish grin on his face.

His husband halts in his movements to close the drawer. Hannibal’s composure reveals nothing about his inner emotional turmoil, but his maroon eyes betray the murderous impulses that wreak havoc in his brain.

Will smirks as he guesses with his empathetic mind which thoughts currently occupy the dangerous brain of his cannibal husband. He whispers into Hannibal’s ear: “It’s shame that my meat and juice is ruined for your sophisticated palate. You have to start feeding me oysters and acorns again for the next three months.”

He revels in Hannibal’s stony and expressionless face and chuckles.

“Bye, honey. See you later.” Will adds in his most honeyed voice.

He pets Hannibal’s shoulder with a gentle stroke of his hand.Will turns around and leaves the Lecter-Graham household in Baltimore to go to the nearest McDonald’s and supermarket.

Hannibal is standing still in front of the bottom drawer where his most sharpened knives are kept in. He takes deep breaths, tightening the grip on the handler to keep himself from violating the promise to not try and harm his precious Will. He has promised to not vent out his anger on him and to work on his impulsive behaviour but it is hard.

He lets out a sigh in the silence following their little verbal sparring. Hannibal cannot allow himself to consume the heart or lung of his husband but he has other means to influence Will back to reason. Hannibal is perfectly aware Will is particularly affectionate and clingy - especially when he has gone away for at least a week.Unlike him Will encounters more enormous difficulties in restraining his libido, his lust when needed.

But spanking is not an option as his beloved enjoys it way too much.

While he prepares his dinner for himself, the liver of a rude and hateful parcel delivery man, he smiles at the prospect of driving Will a little bit mad again and his spirit is lifted up. He has decided what to do.

No sex or blow jobs for his little darling as long as he keeps breaking the rules.

Few days later Hannibal notices the first changes because of his subtle withdrawal. He tells Will that breaking rules has its consequences but his husband is stubborn and tries to seduce him nonetheless.Will waylays him when he returns from work, squeezing him against the wall, choking the air out of his lungs while he thrusts his tongue in desperation into his mouth. But Hannibal pushes him back and goes into the kitchen without another word, leaving a sulking Will behind.

After that little incident, Hannibal always eludes him, coming home when Will is too tired to assail him. He rejects his advances wherever he can, even though he has a hard time resisting the wanton demeanour of his lover. The lascivious display of his beautiful, pristine and still lean body when he walks around only dressed in Hannibal’s favourite pink G-string thong on the weekend when they spend more time together has been one of the hardest tests. Hannibal drinks him in while he draws him as Will lounges and poses for him on the velvet plush chaise longue.When Will asks him in an innocent, purring voice if he gets something in return from daddy, the answer is still a smug “No.”

Will is determined to not give up so easily. The next time he wants to corrupt his husband, Will uses his characteristic charm, his luring, beautiful blue eyes and his masterful hands on Hannibal’s back. He kneads his shoulders and muscles with Hannibal’s favourite massage oil smelling of lavender and pine after a long working day to seduce him into having sex. Yet he still is denied the mouth of his husband on his cock or on his ass or even his penis inside him. No matter how hard he tries to coax Hannibal, there is no good outcome for him.

As he watches Will sleep beside him after the wonderful treatment, Hannibal is about to abort the punishment and wavering in his iron discipline.Will makes it indeed very difficult to keep

up the sex denial. After finding no further evidence of Will's "crime" for some time and hoping that he has ultimately given in, his opinion changes when he finds fresh crumbs of cookies and a little piece of another Oreo wrapping on the floor leading away from the main entrance. Hannibal sighs and cleans it up. When doing the laundry for Will later in the evening , he discovers some bills of a pizza delivery service hidden in Will's jeans pockets.

Hannibal is most disappointed as he finds the rejected chocolate bar has survived his ravenous appetite and still lies abandoned in the drawer.

In the following morning before heading to work, Hannibal ignores Will's hard morning erection, his gentle kisses and his charming smile and hastily gets dressed. He makes his way to the office before Will can tempt him once more.

Will, who wants to end the punishment for breaking one of his rules , apologises by tying himself up, naked, and with a "I'm sorry, Daddy" sign around his neck. He has brought himself into that position in the bedroom at 7.30 pm, the time Hannibal usually comes home from his office But this attempt fails again. His husband, looking for him in the house, shakes his head as he finds him in their master bedroom and unbinds him, ordering him to get dressed.

"This will not do, Will" Hannibal finally reprimands him as they lie next to each other in their four poster bed after another massage and Will turns his back on Hannibal, not speaking a word with him because he is upset with his withdrawal of affection and sexual intimacy. "You don't only have to show regret for your naughty behaviour, Will but you also need to actually change it and show me how serious you are about it , my boy."

He caresses his cheeks but Will pulls a grumpy face, shoots a dark look over his shoulder and exhales a "tsks". He says no more and seems to resign to his defeat.

None of them are ready to yield and the game goes on for some time.Hannibal sees how it takes toll on his agent. The sexual frustration and tension on Will's face and body are visible every time when he is about to leave again for some days and merely allows him to cuddle in the evening before his departure.The annoyed yet pained look on Will's face being denied the thing he needs most gives him utmost pleasure yet he is intrigued in when his love is about to stop being stubborn.

The dam breaks pretty soon as Will's urges are way too strong to resist. He has only been allowed to masturbate without his favourite sex toys Hannibal had locked away somewhere in the house Not getting a good night blow job or fantastic anal sex leaves Will frustrated and bad-tempered to Hannibal's delight every night when he lies next to Will, pretending to sleep and watching him from the corners of his eyes.

At last, Will finds himself giving in and stops buying junk food and processed sweets when Hannibal is away once again - the third time in the last two months. He eats the precooked meals that Hannibal still provides for him regardless of how many times Will is going to store it in the freezer. He wants to see when he can stop denying him his pleasures he would like to indulge in as well.

The day has come as Hannibal, returning from another psychiatrist conference, smirks in triumph when his eyes find the empty Tupperware boxes on the sink, lazily rinsed and towered. He walks up into the living room and greets Will who has woken from another post-FBI work nap shortly before by the dogs who urge him to get up and give them some love. He pets and cuddles with Buster on his lap and Zoe lying next to him ."I assume you want to improve the flavour of your meat and juice again, Will?" Hannibal remarks teasingly as he walks towards him. A sneering smile graces his face as he helps the behavioural analyst to sit straight on the couch and plants gentle kisses on his dozy lover's face.

Will scoffs and grunts as Hannibal sinks his teeth carefully into his neck."Yeah. Kinda. I want our sex life back and enjoy your wonderful mouth and tongue on my cock again…Daddy." Will says, sighing."I'm sorry for dismissing your meals, honey." He ruffles gently through Hannibal's meticulous hair and looks at him with lustful puppy eyes in expectation. His cock is hard in his jeans and he moans in relief as Hannibal finally slips a hand into his jeans and massages his erection through his boxer shorts. Will trembles and breathes "Please...Hannibal, please."

"There you are, my little thing", Hannibal purrs, content with his begging, kneels at last before Will on the floor on his fine slacks and with slow, teasing movements of his hands he straddles his legs, opens the buttons and the zipper of his jeans to indulge him. "Daddy is pleased to hear that."

"I have given some thought to our little agreement, Will", Hannibal mutters in between while he sucks his cock.

"Did you ?" Will asks him, gripping the edge of the couch with his hands.

"I will let you eat your junk food once a week."Hannibal whispers.

Will groans louder. "No, Hannibal, it's fine. I really ate too much crap and I agreed to this, remember?"

"Don't you get weak", Will breathes, smiling.

Hannibal cups his balls with his hand, plays with them and kisses the top of Will's beautiful pink, uncircumcised dick.

"If you say so," Hannibal purrs against his balls, careful nibbling at them. "Daddy wants to take care of you and only wants the best. But I don't want to do anything against your will or cage you too much. "

"No, you don't. I agreed to this. But..thanks for the offer, I guess I will come back to it",Will admits.

"Good", Hannibal answers and increases his pace on his cock with his hands and licks even faster. "Put your head back and wade into the stream again, darling", he remarks and wraps his mouth around his cock once more, sucking and licking the shaft in his own, dexterous way, careful to hit the erogenous spots to make his precious boy melt in front of him.

Will smiles and closes his eyes again. “Oh God...Daddy..” His melodic, sweet moans and sighs make Hannibal happy and his own cock twitches. He does not bother as it is not his turn to be indulged by his darling.

While Hannibal spoils his husband and relishes in the oversensitivity the time of carnal abstinence has caused in Will and makes him moan in his melodic voice by the cunning use of his gentle hands and his tongue on his cock and on the puckered hole of his booty, Will decides to show his affection and surprise him. He fetches the bar of chocolate from the small stand behind the couch, breaks off a chunk and nibbles on it , slipping it back and forth between his lips and teeth in a lustful, flirtatious way. He shows Hannibal how he enjoys eating it before he comes and spills his semen into the mouth of his lover who openly beams at him and swallows most of the load.

“You appreciate my little gift now, hm, Will?” Hannibal mutters and caresses his face with his clean hand.

"It’s not bad once you’re used to it”, Will replies, flushing in embarrassment.

“Am I tasty enough again?” Will asks as he watches Hannibal licking up the cum that has not made it into his mouth with smacking noises.

“Absolutely, my love. You are exquisite. So sweet and delicious.” Hannibal purrs and gets up to give him a kiss.

Will notices Hannibal’s cock is hard as rock as he glances down to his slacks.

“What about you?” Will asks. He gets up, too and lets his finger slide down to Hannibal’s slacks.

Hannibal breathes heavily and strokes his chocolate curls with his long fingers.

“What does Daddy want?” He repeats his question. As he does not get an immediate answer, he opens his belt and the buttons of his fine slacks.

Hannibal gives him a crooked smile and scrutinises him with dark, intense, hungry eyes.

“You know what I want, darling”, Hannibal replies at last with a smug smile.

“I want to make love to you until the night ends. Make you beg for mercy, my darling. Tomorrow you will still feel the effect of my cock on you when you wake up. Your lovely bottom will be sore from spanking and fucking.” He licks his lips and thrusts his tongue into Will’s mouth. “I want to defile you so badly you will have to call Uncle Jack to tell him that you can’t come to work ”, Hannibal adds in a deep raspy, lustful voice.

“If your furry pals don’t mind, I want to finish my own bar of exquisite chocolate in private.” He looks down to the pack of dogs who eye both of them in curiosity.

Will grunts and his cock gets hard again. With impatient hands he works at Hannibal’s shirt and pulls it out of the waistband before he opens the buttons with quick hands. "Sounds good. Fuck me up, Daddy.”

“With the greatest pleasure”, Hannibal whispers.

With a sudden movement, he pushes Will down to the couch just to put an arm around Will’s waist and legs to lift Will up and carries him bridal style to the bedroom where the tired agent receives no mercy and is brought to orgasm multiple times during the hours they spend there, moaning and begging for release.

Early in the morning, Will reluctantly calls in sick to his husband’s amusement - so severe has the aftermath of the nightly, wild sex session been.

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